# OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, May 8, 1913. Number 6.

## THE OID SANTA FE TRAIL

Our congratulation to the women of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado anb New Mexico. who have finaly succeeded in marking the old Santa Fe trail, from the beginning to end! The Daughters of the Revolutionjustify themselves and their organzation by such works as this.

The old Santa Fe trail? Mention of it brings to the mind pictures of buffalo herds and Indians and bulging prairie scooners, drawn by six and eight horse teems and heavy laden with merchandise', it suggests trappers and pioneers and fighters, Daniel Boon and Kit Carson and Moses Austin. Along it moved home hunters and empire-builders, gold-seekers and merchandisers, mountain men and history-makers. The vigor of a new world was in their blood, high hope cleared the path before them. That gold was the lure to most of them in no wise clouds the heroic atmosphere hanging over their memories. Ali of us seek eldorados of one sort or another and frequently we find them in other forms than those which our imagination had pictured. Doubtless those who sought gold in the mines at the end, of the trail or by trafficking with the Mexicans at Santa Fe found their chief return, in the end. in the physical upbuilding. the contact with their fellows and the mental stimulation of the quest. It isn't the treasure but the search that counts; it isn't the goal but the striving, as various poets and philosophers have remarked.

To the man of imagination nothing appeals more than highways of all sorts, It is a trite thing to say that they are the tokens of civilization. The roads of old Rome, which exist today after the passage of two millenniums, speak eloquently of its grandeur and power. The Appian Was is not merely a highway from Capua to the Eternal City, it is a sign and symbol of civilization. Old as that road is, the Santa Fe trail is probably older, for it was laid out and beaten down originally by herds of buffalo, "nature's engineers," Mrs. John Van Brunt, the chairman of Missouri's trail committee, calls them. Rome would not have been what it was without one Appian Way. Baltimore's size and importance was determined largely by two highways—the old National road, which streched from Cumberland to Vandalia, Ill., and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad:

That National road, indeed, fulfilled a greater function than the upbuilding of this city, for it has been said that "had its construction been delayed 20 years the West would have broken from the East and organized an independent government, with its capital at Louisville, St. Louis or New Orleans." It is not altogether true that geography determines the fate of nations, Roads, which are man's method of combatting geography, are also arbiters of fate.

The old Santa Fe trail not only opened to civilization the States through which it passes, but was in large part responsible for the development of the whole of the Great West. It is a part of our country's history that should never be fo gotten, for it tells a tale of struggle and conquest, of sacrifice and heroism, that the nation has a right to be proud of. And there is something inspiring in the fact that where the buffalo trod and the Indian walked and the pack-mule plodded and the caravans of prairie schooners lurched forward, the automobile will now speed along. For that means—Progress. Baltimore Sun.

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An old Spanish proverb says: "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." Spend your time beating others, criticizing their faults, showing their evil and see how long it will be until you develop some of the same traits or worse. The mote inspecting habit is easing the quickest beam producing procedure.

## COUSIN ESTELL'S STORY.

When Mary Logon returned from school she laid her wraps on the table and hurried to get her new book. She curled up in the only easy-chair in the room, and was soon interested in her story. She didn't even look up when her grandmother came into the room, and she allowed her to have a straight backed, hard chair.

"Mary, said her cousin Estelle Rainer, who entered in time to see what took place, "I want to tell you about something I saw in China. When I went to China as a missionary, one of the first things that I especially notice was the nice manners the children had. They were so polite and they had such a reverence and respect for old people. One day I was talking to a roomful of Chinese girls and an old lady of eighty years entered. At once all the children rose and stood until she had the best seat in the room. It was a beautiful sight, and I never forgot it. I saw the children in their homes do the same thing many times. I think the American girl could copy after the Chinese girls in that, don't you?"

"I think we could," Mary replied in a low voice, and her face was very red. Then she crossed over to her grandmother and laid her hand on her shoulder. "Grandmother, I want you to take my chair! it is easier than this one."

Mrs- Leonard's face beamed with pleasure. "Thank you, my dear, for being so thoughtful of me. That will be much easier for my aching back."

"I wouldn't have been so thoughtful if Cousin Estelle had not told me a story about the manners of Chinese children," Mary said honestly. "I don't want the little Chinese girls to have better manners than I have."—Apples of Gold.

### INDIA'S BEGGAR IS AN ARISTOCRAT

One-fourth of the Anglo-Indian population in India is supported by cha.ity. For the Anglo Indian thinks that work is beneath him, and really at heart he is a born snob. It isn't drunkenness among the Indias. nor is it the seasonal trades, as it sometimes is with us, for work there is continuous the year round. Neither is it the monotony of a dreary home or daily toil that drives him to drink and then to poverty: for there is no part of Calcutta where there are people of one social grade, but the homes of poor are interspersed with the rich.

He is a pauper purely and simply because he is an aristocrat.

He has English blood in his veins, and he wants to live like the English, and the English in India are the successful and the rich: they have their well ap pointed homes, their servants—and every luxury. The English man who works with his hands—the men in the factories, the day laborers, the frontiersmen, farmers—are not found in I.dia.

The beggar snob does not know of their existence. He knows only the coolies and the Hindoos who work with their hands, and he will not be one of them. He wishes to pattern his life after the Englishman whom he knows.

He wants to have a servant and to be waited on, and if he cannot he will not work. to dig with a shovel is a disgrace in his eyes, and begging is infinitely more respectable.

So the Anglo Indian pauper is supported on a scale better than that of the faithful workmen among the Hindoos and coolies, and the burden of the charity falls on the rich English. The wealthy Hindoos will take none of the responsibilities. They say that that the Engiishman created this class and that on him falls the weight of support.

There is another cause of this poverty also' apart from this strong false sentiment. that is the insanitary conditions of life which cause the death of father of the household at the early age. That reduces the family to pauperism at once, as the lines of work open to the Anglo-Indian women which she accepts are practically none

## NOT STRANDED

By Evelyn Orchard.

Grace Marnham was afraid to ask a single question, but as she stood by the library table where Mrs. Vivash was busy, surrounded by a flood of papers, there was no need. Mrs. Vivash pronounced her doom in the same even tone of voice in which she might have dismissed a kitchen maid.

"So sorry, Miss Marnham, but of course, when Death enters a house-hold he invariable brings great changes in his train. As you are aware, we shall be leaving the Rectory within the next month. I am going with the children to-morrow to spend Easter with my sister in Cumberland. I hope it will be convenient for you to go somewhere immediately also."

,,I have nowhere to go,"said Grace dully."but 1 can leave, of course, if you wish."

"I don't wish it,"said Mrs. Vivash, with a slight emphasasis on the verb. but as I have said, changes, even if undersirable, are inevitable when the husband and father are removed. When it comes suddenly, as in the case of my dear husband, it further complicates everything. I am not well off. It will not be possible for me to retain the services of a governess any longer. Indeed, I am discovering every minute," she added, while her eyes wandered restlessly over the papers. "that there was no justification for such an expense in my household. May I ask without being impertinent what salary Mr. Vivash was in the habit of paying you?"

It was an odd question, and Grace Marnham started some what painfully as she heard it, It was partly explained by the fact that she had been at Warleigh Rectory when the second Mrs. Vivash came, and taking care of the two little boys, who were now students at Cambridge. Mrs. Vivash herself had two young daughters whom Grace had remained on to teach, and the arrangement had, on the whole, been satisfactory. If not a lovable person at least Mrs. Vivash had never been actively unkind to her husband,s poor relatiion. Her chief omission had been that she never acknowledge the relationship, but had kept Miss Marnham always on the outside.

"He paid me forty pounds," answered Grace faintly.

Mrs. Vivash shut her thin lips together ominously.

"It was a very high salary for people in our position, and for your qulifications, Miss Marnham. I hope you have saved a little of it, for the rainy day has come."

Grace made no answer. Some thing seemed to paralyse her tongue.

"Is the Rectory to be shut up Mrs. Vivash, over Easter?"

"Of course not," came the answer back rather snappily. "How could that be possible? But Canon Legarde, who will take the sevices, has asked whether he may bring his wife and daughter- They will require the whole house——"

"Very well, Mrs. Vivash," said Grace, "I will make ready to go."

"Have you any plans?" enquired Mrs. Vivash, not kindly, or interestedly, but merely in the manner of a person who beholds an irksome duty in front, and who will perform it at any cost.

"I have no plans, but I shall have presently. Pray don't trouble about me, Mrs. Vivash. I shall be quite all right."

She walked out with some dignity, but her step faltered in the passage, and it was with difficulty she reached the shelter of the old school-room which had been her chief home for the last fifteen years.

Herbert Vivash had died suddenly while conducting a service and left his affairs in a state of chaos. His wife, who, happily, had a seperate income, the size of which was actually know to very few (it had never been known to him) felt much aggrieved at the state in which she found them. She admitted to herself, and to certain intimates, that she had not been fairly treated, and later cited the terms of Miss Marnham's engagement as a case in point. A man in the rector's financial position had certainly no right to give anchorage to a poor relative, however desrving. Mrs. Vivash in view of the fact that she had been in receipt of such a salary for a period of years, had no compunction about turning her out now. Making a rough calculation, she decided that Grace Marnham must have saved at least two hundred pounds. with which she could take a small boarding house at the sea-side, or, failing that, a post at a small salary, where she could give her services in exchange for a home.

Grace Marnham, however, had no such resources behind her.

She had accepted the salary paid by her kinsman in good faith, and had spent it mostly in the parish. There was no excuse for her, perhaps, but that was Grace Marnham's way. She was a ministering angel, and, further, shared the rector's habit of taking little thought for the morrow. Such a trait, though disastrous in many directions, and not to be encouraged, is only to be found in lovable personalities. Everybody loved Grace Marnham in Warleigh, just as they had loved the Rector. They would be mourned together.

Grace was not deeply attached to Rosamund and Clare Vivash. They were their mother's children, but she had done her faithful duty by them. The pang of parting would be softened by the fact that they were unfeignedly glad to get away from Warleigh to the lively house of their rich aunt in Cumberland.

They did not even enquire where their governess was going.

After she had recovered herself slightly, she walked out through the shurbbery, into the churchyard, where wreaths were still fresh on a beloved grave. But she did not step off the side path to bend over it; the wound was too raw as yet. These frail emblems of affection covered her only friend. Waleigh was a purely rural parish, buried deep in the heart of one of the home counties, and the scenery round it was a sylvan character. A late Easter following a mild and early spring had clothed the world with a wonderful greenness, and the air was soft and balmy as a child's kiss. Never had Grace Marnham felt less in tune with the scenes she had learned to love, and which had so long been her home.

Passing beyond the village, she came to a small white cottage on the face of a hill. the door of which she approached by a winding path through an old-fashioned cottage garden, gay with daffodils and primroses, and all the pageantry of the spring. Through the half-open basement window she could see the figure of the invalid occupant of the cottage, with whom she had spent many a quiet hour. A smile and a bekoning hand invited her to enter without knock.

"I was thinking of you to-day, Miss Marnham," said the kind quiet, old voice, "and I hoped you would come."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Lester. I have come to ask a great favor."

"I think it is granted before I her it," answered the old lady kindly.

"Mrs. Vivash is leaving Warleigh to-morrow, and the clergyman who will officiate on Sunday requires the whole of the Rectory I want to spend Easter here, Mrs. Lester, and I have come to ask whether you could let me have a little room till Monday or Tuesday. I should not give any trouble, and it would be a very great and special kindness"

"My dear, that is a small thing to grant; it will be a pleasure; but tell me Mrs. Vivash's plans and your own. I am interested. I have been wondering about you

Continued on page four.

## WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED

Three churches in Virginia hold proud claim to close connection with George Washington. in each of which he held the position of vestryman. One of th se is Christ Church, in Alexandria; another, Falls Church, in the town of the same name (about six miles southwest of Washington, in Fairfax County); the third is old Pohiok Church in Mount Vernon Parish, so-called for Pohick Creek, a small stream flowing close by. The last named was the "home" church of Washington, and that to which he was most closely allied, having served as warden and vestryman in it for over twenty years, and during that time contributing gonerously to its support.

Of Christ Church he was a frequent attendent, asb usiness often calle d him to Alexandria (which was his post office, voting and and market place) for considerable periods; and especially was this true after the Revolution, when Pohick Church (which suffered severely from the misfortunes of war) was frequently closed. With Falls Church he had a somewhat slighter connection and for a shorter period, but contributed liberberally to build it and acted as one of its vestryman, as the r cords show

Pohick Church is situated about three miles from the Potomac River and six miles south of Mount Vernon. In Washington's day it was the center of an extensive neighborhood, settled by wealthy planters, whose broad acres separated them widely from each other, and who, therefore, thought little of a drive of half a dozen miles. more or less, to church; for in that day the old Virginia families retained their stalwart English custom of regular attendance at public worship. An Englishman visiting one of these "bar-ons of the Potomac" in the colonial days gives in his diary a picturesque description of attending a service at Pohick. He says: "The ladies drove to chnrch in coaches and four, with liveried coachmen and outriders; the gentlemen went on horseback." The gay dresses and liveries and loud vociferations of the gentleman, calling to their negro lackeys. reminded him more of a fox hunt than of a church congregation. He adds. however, that quiet and the utmost reverence were observed within the church.

Pohick Church was built in 1773, after plans made by George Washington himself, its construction being carried on under the direction of a committee of which he was chairman; and George Mason of Gunston Hall, author of the "Virginia Bill of Rights" and George William Fairfax were members. Washington also designed the interior arrangement of the church, and the plans in his own handwriting are today among the most cherished archives of Mount Vernon. By them we see that no space whatever was given to vestibule or robing room, such conveniences in those days evidently being considered superfluous. The high "wineglass" pulpit stood in the center of the north wall, the communion table at the east end, while opposite to it, between the two west doors, stood the substantial font of native gray granite that is today in use in the sacred ed fice. The plan shows, also, the assignment of pews, and we note the class lines which in those colonial days marked distinction in church as well as in society. The church was evidently divided into two sections. a broad aisle from front door to pulpit marking the division between upper and lower classes. The two center front seats were allotted to George Washington and George William Fairfax, those immediately behind to Lund Washington and Alexander Henderson, respectively. Two side pews along tne wall were assigned to the extensive family of George Mason: on the opposite side to Captain Daniel McCarthy and Martin Cockburn.

The church must have been

Continued on fourth page.

## NO PROBABILITY OF WAR WITH JAPAN

At this time when the relations between the United States and Japan are some-what strained on account of the proposed legislation in California it is frequently suggested that the two nations may come to blows over the question. There is little basis for this belief, according to Dr. John Nelson Mills who said in a recent lecture in Charleston before the Jubilee Missionary Union that there would "be no war between the United States and Japan, not if Japan can prevent it." With a population but half that of the United States," said Dr. Mill, "with only one-twentieth of our resources and a national debt one-third larger than ours, Japan is in no condition, to make war upon anybody. But least of all does she seek a war with the United States, her best business patron, to whom she sends one-third of her exports. Taxes now in Japan are from 30 to 65 per cent. If a Japanese had an income of $50,000 he would have to pay $34,000 of it in taxes. So poor are the people of Japan that millions of them cannot afford even rice, the main staple of diet, but must content themselves with millet. And when; last January their National Congress proposed to raise another bond issue in order to increase the army, a serious riot was produced, in which the halls of Congress were invaded by the people and many persons killed."

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## A FIRE ALARM.

Morris taught his dog many tricks, one of which was to "talk" at the telephone. When the telephone rang, Carlo would run into the hall, and if it was Mr. Barclay or any one of Morris' friends, he was allowed to "speak" to them. He would bark, just as if he were trying to say, "How are you?"

One day a call came at the telephone office, and when the telephone girl said "Hello!" the only reply was the excited barking of a dog- She knew at once that it was Carlo, but she could not understand why Morris did not answer her. She was so puzzled that she called up Mr. Barclay at his office.

"A call came from your house." she told him, "and I can get no reply: but Carlo is at the 'phone, barking wildly and excietedly."

"Carlo at the telephone!" Mr. Barclay exclaimed. "Why, that is strange, for there is nobody at home. I can not understand it. Something may be wrong, so I will go right up and see. Thank you for telling me."

Mr. Barclay hurried home as fast as he could, and when he opened the the door a rush of smoke greeted him. Carlo was on the chair in front of the telephone, scratching and barking excitedly. Then he knew that the dog had realized that something was wrong when the room filled with smoke, and he had gone to the telephone, where he had "talked" with his master In his excitement he had knocked the receiver down, and in that way had given the alarm which led to the discovery of the fire.

When the fire was out and the excitement over, Morris threw his arms around Carlo's neck, exclaiming, "You good old dog! If it had not been for you we might have been without a home this cold winter night, instead of having only one room hurt by the fire. I think it is lucky that I taught you to talk at the telephone"

A week later Mr. Barclay delighted Morris by bringing a collar for Carlo, with a silver medal attached. which said, "A reward to Carlo, because he saved the Barclay home from burning."

"He surely earned the medal," said Morris. And Mr. nnd Mrs. Barclay agreed that he did.—Christian Age.

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Some folks have more temptations than others because they are always hunting for them.

*OUR FATHERLESS ONES.*

WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.

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Thursday, May 8 1913

### THE RECENT RAILROAD SQUABBLE

Is is very clear that the difficulty between our railroads and the people of our state is far from being settled, and Governer Craig uttered a true sentiment when he said, "it was high time we knew whether the people or the corporations ruled the State."

The rail-roads of North Carolina have been largely built by the energy and money of our own people, and these roads have by some remarkable legislation, passed into the hands of large corporations who are dictating inter-state freight and passenger rates, and are making the people of North Carolina pay higher rates than other states around her pay, even for distances shorter than the favoured States. North Carolina is only asking justice and no favors, and there will certainly be found a way to get that very thing.

If our railroad friends would just remember, that they would best serve their own interest, by meeting their most profitable customers in a spirit of fairness, it would not take ten minutes, to come to a satisfactory settlement of this unfortunate squabble.

Corporations need never be driven into doing right, for right always pays in the end.

### THE COUNTRY THE BEST LOCATION FOR AN ORPHANAGE.

A recent visit to Hapeville Georgia where the Baptists of that state have located their Orphanage, and where the Tri-State Conference met. Convinced the writer more than ever, that proximity to a city crowds and hampers an Orphanage.

Brother R. D. Hawkins has several roomy and handsome buildings at Hapeville, but even eight miles from a large city is too close to give plenty of room for growth and proper expansion.

Brother Hawkins has several acres around him in the village, but his farm is two miles away and land is too valuable so near Atlanta for an Orphanage to own and cultivate much of it.

One valuable feature of an Orphanage is it's industrial department, we take boys and make good farmers, truckers, dairymen, shopmen, and printers out of them. And every orphanage should have a large farm attached to it, so that the children educated there, shall have thorough training in all departments of labor, and by their labor, these children learn early, to be self-sustaining and industrous.

We have not seen a better managed Orphanage than that at Hapeville, but cannot help thinking it is located too near a great city.

Children want country woods, streams, and glorious sunshine. They want close touch with nature and to live the simple life that is never found among the smoke stacks and dust, and dirt, of the city. Hapeville has the sunshine and greenery of the country, but would be all the better, for being twenty miles from Atlanta with a farm of three hundred acres.

As Orphanage work expands, and all its possibilities are gradually developed, we shall see the great Orphanages seeking localities away from the large cities with all the surroundings of a pure, clean, healthy country life.

### WHAT THE TRI-STATE CONFERENCE MEANS

The city of Atlanta was full of people from many States of the Union last week. There were "three drawing cards." The Grand Opera. The Southern Sociolgical Conference, and the Tri-State Orphanage Conference.

Of course the Opera had a royal welcome, and a bumper crowd, and it is said that this aggregation of talent carried out of Atlanta not less than $95 000.

The Sociological Congress drew together Philosphers, D. D.'s L. L. D's. and Sociologists of every shade of thought, and there was doubtless much high thinking and much said worthy of hearing.

Our little Tri-State gathering from the leading Orphanages of the south was represented by men and women that are doing, the things that the Sociologists are talking about.

There were men in our Conference, that have moulded into good men and women more crude material, than any speaker in the Sociological gathering ever handled. And yet our little gathering, received no special mention in the press of Atlanta.

"By their works ye shall know them."

We are indebted to brother Archie Johnson for a full list of our enrollment at Hapeville, and it was a gathering of those who know how to illuminate one of noblest subjects, that is now engaging the thought, and endeavour, of the Philanthropist.

This Conference means better Orphanage Homes: better equipment for the work: better trained boys and girls: stronger and more useful men and women. A stronger church: a more enlightened State. Does anything in Sociology stand for better things than these?

### Attendance Of Delegates To Tri-State Conference at Hapeville Ga.

The names of the friends and visitors follow (including Atlanta friends a few of whom spent some time with us.)

W. P. Jacobs of the Thornwell Orphanage,
R. L. Brown of the Oxford Orphan Asylum.
E. L. Wagoner of the Odd Fellows Orphanage.
H. K. Boyer of the Children's Home of Winton-Salem, N. C.
A. T. Jamison of Connie Maxwell Orphanage of S. C.
Mrs. A. T. Jamison of the Connie Maxwell Orphanage of S. C.
W. J. Smith of the Thompson Orphanage, Charlotte N. C.
M. L. Kesler of the Thomasville Orphanage.
Archibald Johnson of the Thomasville Orphanage.
W. B. Wharton Epworth Orphanage, Columbia, S. C.
E. M. Carter, Christian Orphanange Elon College N. C.
J. A. Smith S. Ga. Conf. Orphanage Macon, Ga.
John E. Ray, Raleigh, N. C.
J. N. Cole, Methodist Orphanage Raleigh N. C.
Miss Mattie Perry, Marion, N. C., Elhanan Orphanage.
J. M. Hawkins N. Ga. Conf. Orphans Home Decatur, Ga.
R. A. Sonn Hebrew Orphan's Home, Atlanta.
W. L. Hill Barium Springs Orphanage, N. C.
Miss Amy A. Chadwick Leonard St. Orphanage Atlanta,
Miss Carman Hendren Children's Home, Winston.
Miss Ella Bray Children's Home, Winston.
R. D. Hawkins Hapeville Ga. Bapt. Orphans Home.
Rev. T. W. Calloway, Macon, Ga. Hepizbah Orphanage.
Miss M. D. Mayer Augusta, Ga. Augusta Orphanage.

Mr. E. L. Waggoner of Goldsboro was elected President for the ensuing year. Rev. J. A. Smith was elected vice-president and Archibald Johnson Secr'y and Treas.

### THE SOCIAL LIFE AT HAPEVILLE

The writer trespassed upon the hospitality of good brother and sister Hawkins by remaining a guest for several days after the Conference adjourned, and never was he more gratiously or pleasantly entertained.

During the days he was doing up Atlanta, the Sociological Congress, and the sights generally, was looking up old friends and renewing social bonds that can never be entirely broken; but will "Cross the river" with us. Those days are precious memories, and when weary and seeking rest, it was delightful to find after a trolly ride of eight miles, a bright light and a cheery welcome awaiting us.

Surely our Georgia friends are intrenched in a greatful heart, and we should be delighted to have a chance to reciprocate.

### THE PASSING AWAY OF PETER MARSHALL BROWN

The sudden death of a good man while a shock to those to whom he is dear, does not find him unprepared for the summon. Peter Marshall Brown was one of Charlotte's most valued citizens; he grew up with the city, and has seen it expand, from a town of moderate proportions, into a thriving hustling city, and no little of Charlott's prosperity has been due, to the wisdome and energy of a few men like him.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Brown was a prominent figure in the business life of Charlotte. He was at one time Mayor of the City a director in several financial institutions, and his judgment and energy was in demand, in the developement of many prosperous enterprizes.

For a number of years Mr. Brown was Treasurer of Our Presbyterian Orphanage and many thousands of dollars were disbursed by him, and much labor given to Our Barium Home, without ever a thought of compensation.

In the stilling of his warm heart, we have lost a valued friend, and his wise council will be missed, in the Board of Regents.

It is sweet to remember him as an ever faithful and liberal friend and those most dear to him, have the comfort of knowing, that a man with the heart, brain, and personality, of Peter Marshall Brown, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by all who enjoyed his acquaintance and were claimed by him as friends.

He sleeps well, and his rest is glorious.

### BY RESULTS.

A wealthy man recently advertised for a manager for his farm of 190 acres. He stated that the man's religion, or education, or nationality would count neither for nor against him, but that he wanted personally to talk about him with the neighbors who had known him for years, and that he would pay him solely by results. Men who did not feel willing to meet these requirements need not apply "But," wrote the advertiser, "I will pay the man who can make good more than he can get anywhere else."

The advertisement states about what is now demanded from capable men everywhere. Making good as to character is as patent to one's neighbors as in his capacity to show results in his labor. And making good in both matters commands the higest respect in the business world. for it is one of the encouraging facts of the day that the demands of modern business are for the best in character, as well as in other qualifications.—Exchange.

Now is the time to clean up and swat that fly.

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:
"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * "

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, May 8, 1913

## HOME HAPPENINGS

Miss Templeton had a very pleasant week-end visit home, last week.

Mrs. Brown of Oswalt, the cousin of Miss Verna Woods, matron of Rumple Hall paid us a flying visit the other day.

Barium highway is so popular now, that there is not an hour in the day that automobiles are not coming or going. We suppose that no less than fifty pass in a day.

Our road to Statesville is so beautiful that it is a pleasure to drive over it, and when Barium gets that auto runabout that some noble soul is going to give us, wont we and the children have some fun?

Mr and Mrs. McConnaughey returned from a visit to Roberson County on last Saturday, and "the little major," looks as if he had been up fattening. He is not likely to be as tall as his "daddy", but he is rounder.

Our Irish potatoe patches are beginning to look green, and cabbage plants have a good start. We only need a little rain now, to give our truck patches a good send off. and then, it won't be long before we have "garden sass" in abundance.

Our pigs are in clover up to their knees. We have about 25, and with a succession of pastures will keep them in green food all summer. Before Christmas, we shall be able to show as pretty a bunch of fat porkers as you would want to see.

We are glad to welcome Mr. John N. Stanley, who is on a visit to his brothers and sisters at the Home.

He is a sterling young man, and never forgets our children that have been with us so long, and are such a credit to their name. Such visitors as he, are always welcome.

One of the most beautiful views, we have at Barium now, is a field of crimson clover, and when our herd of cattle are allowed to "take a bite," you can almost hear them laugh. On a bright sunny day, to see that herd grazing on that crimson field, would inspire an artist to produce a great picture of rural beauty.

The box stalls in our new barn are in use, and the feed rooms are handy for storing feed. A good deal of work is yet to be done in laying the floor and arranging cow stalls, but we do not know of a better barn than ours will be when we get it done

An abundance of green food has b ought out our herd and they have a prosperous look.

We are picking our first strawberries to-day, (Tuesday( and how anxious the chaps are to be on this ssignment of duty. All are willing, and there are no laggards. Won't our little girls have red lips to-night?

We are pleased to announce that Rev. Dr. J. M, Rose of Laurinburg, will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon for us on Sunday June 1st. and that Rev. Dr. M. L. Kesler of Thomasville, will deliver the address before our school and graduating class on Monday, June 2nd.

We are very fortunate in securing the services of these two friends, so alive to the work of the Orphanage, and so able to speak with informing power. We expect a rare time, and shall try to have Barium give them an audiance worthy of the occasion.

The preaching services held at Barium by Rev. Arthur T. Barnes of Mooresville. in association with our Pastor, have been not only very spiritual, but exceedingly helpful, to our children in the home, and to the entire congregation worshiping at Little Joe's church. From Thursday morning until Saturday morning, we had a series of sermons presenting Jesus, in all his beauty and power as our Saviour and the "good news" of salvation through him was presented in such an attractive way as to win a number of precious souls.

The following children were admitted to membership, having witnessed a good profession. Rosa Geneva Marks, Lola Jane Earnhart, Inez Earnhart, Elizabeth Reavis, Lucy May Daniel, Valda L. Furr, Mita S. Walker, Eloise Taylor, Lucile Rosa Turner, Myrtle Osborne, Kathleen D. Turner, Mary Francis Parks, Charles Forest Piner, Lyall Berry Wade, Paul Boyce, Harvey Floyd Wilson, Theo R. Watson, Robert Sapp.

A very large percentage of our children are communicants of the church, and we need the prayers of God's people every where in the Synod, that these children may be kept through faith, and be so trained and guided, here. as to go forth as faithful laborers in the up-building of his kingdom.

The occasional special services held here have been very fruitful, and we know of no more appreciative hearers anywhere, than an earnest gospel preacher will find at Barium.

We are very grateful to Brothers Shaw and Barnes for very helpful services, and we wish we might have another visit from brother A. R Shaw before he departs for his new field of labor.

In the field notes last week there was an error, We should have said, that Rev. A. J. Smith of Macon Ga. was elected vice President, and not, President of the tri-State Conference. E. L. Wagner of Goldsboro Odd Fellows Orphanage was chosen President.

Miss McEachin has been quite sick for several days with stomach and nervous trouble: And Dr. Adams is giving her close attention. We are glad to say at present writing, she is resting well, and we hope she will soon be well again.

Dr. H. A. Wakefield was at Barium on Tuesday the 6th and our little Infirmary was a scene of activity, as he treated ten children for Tonsils, and Adinoids. besides a number for eye trouble. We have no less than ten in the hospital and all are doing well. Considering the number of children here, we have more good strong healthy children than you will find in the average family.

A litte nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

After the labors of the day are over, it is very refreshing to most people to give themselves occaionally the indulgence of an evening in games. There are games that may be entered into with equal zest by girls and boys from eight to eighty. Only an evening or two ago, a pleasant company, after dining together, engaged in playing games. Two of the number were on towords seventy. three long past thirty, and the rest, were youger. But the elders entered into the spirit of the frolic as eagerly as any of the rest, and carried off equal honors.

One play was called "Accident." There were given to each person a pencil and a slip of paper, on which were written down ten letters of the alphabet contributed by different ones in the company. Each one of these letters in the order given was to be the first letter of a word in a telegram relating to some accident. Fifteen minutes were allowed for the writing of the telegrams, and then they were read, one after the other.

Another game played is call- "It." The company are so arranged that the gentleman shall be seated alternately with the ladies. It is necessary that the person sent from the room should be entirely ignorant of the game, and when he returns, find out by questions that may be answered by yes or no what "It" is. "It" is the person on the left of each one of the party. Of course the questioner will soon find out that "It" is a person, but that person, being now young now old, male, now female, unless the interrogator is very bright, he will be mystified by the contradictory answers. There is lots of fun in this game. Try it-

**ODE TO THE FLY.**

Most injurious typhoid fly,
Drink with you no more will I.
When you settle on my cup,
I perchance bacteria sup;
After what I've seen ty-day,
I would have you chased away.
I dislike those feet of thine.
What they've touched I shall decline.
Carrier of germ and spore.
Get thee hence! Return no more!
Spreader of disease, begone!
Kindly leave my food alone.

**GETTING ALL THE PARTICULARS.**

Sir William S. Gilbert was once standing outside his club when a stranger approached him and said, "I beg your pardon, sir; but do you happen to know a gentleman, a member of this club, with one eye called Matthews?"

Sir William paused for a moment

"I can't say I do," he replied. "What is his other eye called?" —St. Paul Dispatch.

**AS TO SWEEPING**

The daughers of the household ardent suffragists, were discussing the recent election.

"Taft will sweep the country," declared Mabel.

"Wilson will sweep the country," asserted Maud.

"Roosevelt will sweep the country," answered Margaret.

At this point dad took a hand.

"Never mind about who's going to sweep the country," said he. "Who's going to sweep the kitchen?"

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Every pen is mated with the best of care and eggs from them will produce birds with wonderful laying as well as winning qualities.

Eggs from grand matings of White Indian Runner, Buff and Blue Orpington Ducks, $4 per 12. Mammoth Pekin, Fawn and White and Pencilled Indian Runner, Roven, Aylesbury and Muscory Duck eggs $2 per 12

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## NOT STRANDED.

Continued from page one.

all the week."

In less than half an hour Mrs. Lester was in full possession of all the facts of Grace Marnham's life, and her sympathy and concern were very great. She was gentle of speech, as those laid aside often are, but she could discern something of the bitterness in the heart of this lonley woman whom one fell blow had bereft of so much.

"Woman make mistakes, I think, Mrs. Lester," said Grace —"lonely, unmarried women, I mean—by allowing themselves to become too dependent on others. If I had been a little more enterprising and prudent I should be better off to-day."

"Doubtless, but you might have been poorer in other directions. Tell me what you think of doing when you leave Warleigh."

"I haven't thought. Somehow there has not been time; but, of course, I must get a post of some kind, either as housekeeper or companion. I am afraid I am no longer able to teach children. Everything has changed since I was trained, and I realize now how good it was of the Rector to keep me on as he did."

When Grace Marnham went back to the Rectory and informed Mrs. Vivash of ner intention to spend the Easter week-end in Warleigh, at the house of Mrs. Lester, she was much surprised and displeased.

"I can't think why you want to stay on here. It shows a lack of proper feeling, I think. And remember, Miss Marnham, that Warleigh owes nothing to you and that people very quickly tire of those who ask favours."

Grace Marnham had no sense of favours grudgingly bestowed next day, when she went to take possession of the little room in the white cottage. She felt that she was welcomed truly and sincerely by the kind women whom sorrow had made wise. Yet, when she stole out in the hush of morning to the early celebration, and knelt before the alter, she was conscious of an overwhelming sense of loneliness, almost amounting to desperation.

The note of all the services on Easter Day is triumph, but Grace Marnham's heart found it hard to re-echo the strain.

How many Easter days she had knelt there and thanked God for the blessing in her lot, though in the eyes of many that lot would have seemed grey and cheerless indeed. She had not heard from the boys since their father's funeral day, and she was wondering what sort of a home would be in store for them in the future. If only it had been possible for her to make a home for them to which they could come and bring their friends she would have asked nothing more. It was Mrs. Lester's custom to lie down for the greater part of the afternoon, and Grace was the sole occupuant of the sitting-room with a book, when she heard the sound of a bicycle bell at the gate.

Springing up, her heart went all of a flutter, when she saw Harold, the eldest boy, wheeling his machine up the path.

She ran out to the door, the colour coming and going like a girls in her cheek.

"Oh, Harold dear. this is good of you! How did you find me here"

"Cook told me at the Rectory, How are you Marny. Now I call this a beastly shame," said Harold, and somehow in his indignation he seemed to be taller and larger. "Can I come right in and talk to you? Will the old girl mind?

"Not at all. She is as kind as she can be. Besides, she is a sleep upstairs. Oh Harry, it is so nice to see you! How is Bob.

"Bob's a one! He's gone down to see Uncle Croft. I was there earlier in the week. I've got some cheer for you, Marny. Things are sorting themselves out." He threw his arm round her, and hugged her close. She was more like an elder sister to him than a governess, an since his mother's death the boys had been in the habit of bringing all their troubles to her.

The grave, silent, rather austere woman had never seemed so to them; her love and sympathy had never failed them. Even now the greyness seemed to lift from her face, and her eyes were illumined; her whole being seemed to radiate happiness. "I tell you, Marny, Uncle Croft has turned up trumps, absolutely trumps all round. Hear what he is going to do.

"I went on Tuesday. You remember how decent he was last week when everything was so ghastly, and he asked me to come to Palmers and talk thing over. When I found him so jolly decent, I told him everything. Don't you know how hard hit we both were, how Bob wanted to go abroad, and how I wanted, above everything, to stop on at Trinity? And he's making everything possible,"

"Is he?" asked Miss Marnham, and her eyes shone with a deep radiance.

"He's willing to send Bob over to the Argentine at his expense, and give him some money to start on land. He'll have to learn Spanish, and give his mind to a few other things not taught at Cambridge; but I guess old Bob will manage it alright. He put me through my catechism, I can tell you, Marny. and if I hadn't have been able to give him chapter and verse for everything, it might have gone rather hard with me. I am to get the next two years at Cambridge, and if I do well he'll do more than that. He has a condition, Marny. There is a little house there belonging to him, and he wants me to go and live in it, and you to come and keep house. Would you like that, old girl? Steady, steady, Marny! I didn't know you felt so bad about it. I simply had to ride over and see you to-day. Something made me."

Grace Marnham tried to dry her eyes, but the healing drops would flow in spite of her.

"It seems Uncle Croft had his eyes pretty wide open last week when he came to Warleigh, and that he asked a good many questions here and there. He knows all about you, anyway, Marny, and this is how he proposes to help. If he'd known the mater had gone off without so much as asking where you were going to put up, I don't know what he would have said. Rather ripping, won't it, you and I in a little house at Cambridge, all by our lonesomes, and you'll be gentle on me, won't you, Marny, for auld lang syne."

But Marny could not speak.

The desert had suddenly blossomed like the rose.

### WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED:

handsomely equipped in its day, for the old records show that George Washington supplied the gold leaf for the interior decorations, and that he sent to England for an appropriate set of books for use in the church. Rev. Lee Massey was the first rector appointed and he served long and faithfully. But quaint "Parson" Weems, so beloved of Washington, and author of that unique Life of George Washington, officiated there.

Old Pohick is as stanch and firm on its foundations to-day as the day it was erected, having withstood the storm and stress of one hundred and forty years But the wealth and high station of the Pohick neighborhood departed many years ago, an now it is settled by a race of hardy farmers. Daughters of the American Revolution have restored the structure to as near its original condition as possible.

Perhaps Christ Church in Alexandria is the best known of Washington's churches. The church was like-wise built in 1773. Here Washington was vestryman and advisor. The square pew on the left of the main aisle occupied by George Washington and his family is as it was in his day and is left undisturbed, except that visitors to the church are are permitted to sit in it. The Bible on the lectern is that originally used in the church, and that in the pulpit is one use by Washington at Mount Vernon. The high pulpit is exactly the same as in Washington's day, the sounding board having been reclaimed from an old lumber room and rehung over it. The original communion table and font stand in the chancel, as do also the original chairs. The old hanging chandeliers of brass, with crystal pendants, in which wax candles only areused have also been restored to place and use. In Christ Church all the woodwork, pews. pulpit and walls are white, with narrow bands of gold in typical colonial effect. In the the churchyard was held the first public meeting of citizens of Alexandria to proclaim their adherence to the cause of independence, and Wsshington was chairman of and presided over the meeting. At this meeting he parted with his dear friends the Fairfaxes, allied to him so closely by ties ofmarriage and friendship.

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3 cases Men's Silk-Lined Velour Hats, Black, Brown and Gray, $3.00 values, to close . . $1.69.

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